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Love Elegies

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LOVE ELEGIES.

Λύρην δέλων αἶδω
Ἑρωτικὰς ἀοιδάς.

ANAC.



*And list'ning Youth shall crowd around our Urn,
While grey hair'd Friendship spreads our humble Fame.*

L O N D O N :

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M,DCC,LXXVIII.



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LOVE ELEGIES.

(PRICE TWO SHILLINGS and SIXPENCE)

LOVE ELEGIES

(FROM TWO THIRTEENTH CENTURY)

DEDICATION

TO

SIR JOHN ROUS, BART.

S I R,

SO small a pamphlet will not admit of a long Dedication; your panegyric must not therefore be the subject of it. Besides, what can I say of a character so well known in the world, but what every person of any consequence in it, is well acquainted with already. To be ingenuous, Sir, I have address'd these Poems to you expressly for the reason that renders encomiums unnecessary. The Publick, on finding that they have not met with your entire disapprobation, may be encouraged to read, as I have been to publish them; and amongst the multitude of unsuccessful publications, it requires no less an interest with that judge to obtain a candid hearing.

I do not expect that these Elegies, were they better than they are, would meet with universal approbation;
the

the grave will think them too trivial, the gay too ferious ; the lovers of novelty that I have borrowed too much from the ancients, the lovers of antiquity that I have hazarded too much of my own. Those will try me on rules unknown to Tibullus, Ovid, &c. These will condemn me for not sticking closer to those models, in an age when the manners, or at least the decorums differ very much from the licentiousness avowed in the Court of Augustus. If persons of taste, and sensibility, like yourself, in general approve, whatever such critics may say, I shall never repent that I put them under your protection ; nor will you be put to the blush at this public profession of the respect with which I am,

S I R,

Your most obedient,

Most humble Servant,

The A U T H O R.

E L E G I E S.

E L E G Y I.

MAIDENS, to you, by Nature form'd to glow
With sympathy, when love-lorn poets grieve,
To you I dedicate my songs of woe,
O! come and pity---nothing can relieve.

Ye youths, whose hearts (perhaps like mine in vain)
Have learnt in love's dear misery to pine,
Come listen to my love-indited strain,
And by your own soft feelings measure mine.

Avaunt the proud, the mercenary heart,
 And all that soft desires could never move !
 To such no thrilling can my song impart :
 Can pity soften what resisted love ?

Why should we blush in honest fires to melt ?
 How weak to boast unnat'ral hearts of steel !
 Love ev'ry age and ev'ry clime has felt,
 Love ev'ry age and ev'ry clime shall feel.

Thro' him the elements forgot their strife,
 As fages say, and order due observe,
 'Tis Love that gives the whole creation life,
 And makes it worth our trouble to preserve.

From him the rugged sketch of Nature's plan,
 It's ripe perfection and it's gloss receives ;
 Love animates th' unpassion'd clay to man,
 And virtues, Nature never meant him, gives.

The dull grow witty when the passion warms,
 The coward breast forgets it's wonted fears,
 The rude with sudden delicacy charms,
 And melting tyrants fain would hide their tears.

The

The emulation of desert and praise,
 And all that men pursue, or maids admire,
 Are due to love; from him the poets lays,
 The patriot's fortitude, and warrior's fire.

A rustic, I had been a rustic still,
 Obscurely hid amidst a nameless throng;
 But love inspir'd to sing with softer skill,
 And gave to boast that BROWNE has prais'd the song.

Pardon me, Britain, I have wish'd thee foes,
 I've pined for wreaths to lure my MIRA's eyes,
 For fame, for her, my panting bosom glows,
 Fame as the means, but MIRA's heart the prize.

How could I brave th' invaders of the land,
 That with my MIRA holds whatever's dear?
 Her safety should give light'ning to my hand,
 Her hand reward, or praises deck my bier.

Hence fruitless scyons of the stoic train,
 Who dully good, and negatively wise,
 Rail at your pleasure, and deny your pain,
 What's all your virtue but a greater vice?

Did apathy e'er prompt a Briton's breast:

To swell, to bleed, for liberty and laws,
To sacrifice his pleasure, health, and rest,
And die as WOLFE did in his country's cause?

Ye youths that emulate the good and great,

Heed not the wordy lessons of the schools ;
All powerful eyes can quicker means create,
Undull'd by study, and uncramp'd by rules.

Fear not to love, ev'n should a lover pine,

Sweeter than other's joys his sorrows prove,
And ev'ry bosom is not doom'd like mine
To moan the pains of unsuccessful love.

ELEGY

E L E G Y II.

BLEST years of youth, that glid untold away,
 Smooth as the *Tweed* that ran returnless by,
 Then Nature wore perpetual holiday,
 And nought in nature was so blithe as I.

Remote from grandeur stood my rustic cot,
 In ivy (reverence of age) array'd,
 While clay-built walls betray'd the owner's lot,
 And lowly roofing mark'd an humble head.

My healthy fare was hunger-sweet'ned bread,
 My drink the liquid silver of the rill,
 Thin was my vesture, and my hardy bed
 A tuft of rushes or a rising hill.

But Peace was there, and brought her jocund train,
 Health, joy, and rest, that fears no rousing groan;
 No views had I beyond my little plain,
 Master of all things by desiring none.

But peace no more, nor joy my steps attend,

Nor downy rest, nor health reside with me :

Poor suff'ring exile ! I had once a friend ;

But friends, alas ! from our afflictions flee.

Yet still, when recollection to the soul

Brings back the visions of departed joys,

Ev'n midst their tears, our eyes with pleasure roll,

Our bosoms flutter at the stranger's voice.

Come care-enslumb'ring Fancy lead awhile,

To heights where golden flow'rs perfume the ground,

Where oft, a child, I seiz'd the berry spoil,

Or chased the grasshopper that chirp'd around.

Lead to the sweet recess upon the hill,

Where two old moss-furr'd oaks majestic rise,

Where from the rock, there gushes down a rill

To seek the lake below, that mocks the skies.

There oft I rov'd as early as the bee,

That hums his joy at morn's reviving hue,

Feasting from flow'r to flow'r, from tree to tree,

And brushing off the glitt'ring gems of dew.

There

There oft while thou hast, Fancy, from my eyes
 Wiped the gross earth by which the soul is bound,
 I waked from grosser sense with rapt surprize,
 And gazed upon th' etherial forms around.

There, while aloud I conn'd the Muses strain,
 Who taught unseen, unheard by all but me,
 The clown has peep'd, look'd round and round in vain,
 And laughing scared them with his rustic glee.

When the steep sun has glow'd with mid-day fire,
 Oft while I slept beneath yon spreading tree,
 I dreamt I heard *Apollo's* golden lyre,
 Nay I have dreamt he gave that lyre to me.

At ev'n from thence in mimic tints I took,
 The glancing lake, and the inverted wood,
 Till the red light the furthest rocks forsook
 That hang alternatè o'er the winding flood.

Not far the green, where to the pipe's shrill sound,
 We danc'd till darkness drove us to the hearth,
 Where the brisk glafs, and tale, and song went round,
 And what they lack'd in taste, made up in mirth.

Yet Fancy fly this green, alas ! 'twas here
 I first saw MIRA like love's mother move,
 And fly that seat, for there she deign'd to hear,
 And I first dar'd to falter out " I love."

What now avails thro' distant climes to roam,
 To shun the presence of th' ungrateful fair,
 If love-born fancy still revisits home,
 And rips afresh the cank'ring wound of care ?

Ah ! Colin, Colin, thou must still endure
 Thy luckless love, or other med'cine try ;
 No change of climate can effect thy cure :
 Where from their thoughts can wretched lovers fly ?

E L E G Y

E L E G Y III.

O GRANT, when Nature models men like thee,
 Destin'd to shine the patterns of mankind,
 With ev'ry passion mixt in due degree,
 She tempers nice the matter for the mind.

Hence thirst of excellence and candor flow,
 Hence peaceful breasts with bravery expand,
 Hence gen'rous souls still happy to bestow,
 With wary prudence to restrain the hand.

Thus by pois'd action and re-action move
 In harmony the orbits of the soul ;
 While curb'd by reason, all-refining Love
 Gives the last polish to the perfect whole..

But when she casts the crowd, (as poets teach)
 She takes incurious of the casual mass,
 As Chance, her handmaid, holds it to her reach,
 Nor nicely weighs, but lets the blemish pass.

Whence some preponderate, some men their views
 On pow'r or honors undiverted hold,
 To learning this his steady way pursues,
 And deaf to other calls that piles his gold.

Whence I, my friend, desponding as you see,
 Where'er I fly unceasing torments prove,
 That weary MIRA, Heaven, myself, and thee;
 My melting soul was made of nought but Love.

Ev'n when I pant for riches or for fame,
 'Tis but to lure aspiring MIRA's eyes,
 Rage, pity, envy, whatsoe'er the name,
 Yet still tis Love that lurks in that disguise.

Or should the mass some vein that's foreign hold,
 And other passion chance awhile to move,
 Like the vex'd Phrygian that turn'd all to gold,
 My * eromagnet soul turns all to Love.

Compounded from *ἔρως* Love, or Cryfomagnet from *κρυπτός* Gold. Vida.

E L E G Y IV.

WINTER's no more, the North has ceas'd to blow,
 Exulting streams have broke their icy chain,
 The fog's dispell'd, dissolv'd the mountain snow,
 And Zephyr's breath scarce moves the dimpling main.

The meads once more their flow'ry pride display,
 The bounding flocks renew their wonted fires,
 And piping shepherds hail the genial May,
 Parent of blossoms, and of gay desires.

Hark 'tis the ring-dove cooes in yonder dale,
 Murm'ring his joy in many a giddy round,
 O happy bird! thy fair one hears thy tale,
 Nor bids distrust thy faithful bosom wound.

The coldest breasts reanimated burn,
 Thro' the clear stream the wanton fishes play,
 All Nature rouses at the spring's return,
 And loves and gladdens in the brighter day.

Alone are we, my MIRA, doom'd to know,

That not for us the sun exalts his fires,

Thy frozen bosom feels not Nature's glow,

My broken heart no vernal joy inspires.

Go, happy shepherd, go enjoy the spring,

The laughing landscape glows alone for thee,

Come, pensive Night, stretch out thy sable wing,

And spread oblivion o'er my woes and me.

To thee for liberty of grief I fly,

Where yon rude rocks o'erhang the barren lawn,

Or 'mongst yon tombs immarbled will I lie,

And brood o'er sorrow till the coming dawn.

Nought shall disturb my lethargy of woe,

By all unheard, unhearing will I pine,

Unless the riv'lets murmur as they flow;

Or Philomel should add her griefs to mine.

My friends in vain, in vain the piteous fair

Have warn'd my health against the nightly dew,

Why should I, MIRA, shun the noisome air?

Ah! what is health, if unobserv'd by you?

My

My vigor melts, my ruddy colour flies,
 Yet scorn not, MIRA, since e'en these upbraid,
 The fatal rigor of thy matchless eyes,
 And sad destruction that thy scorn has made.

But hush my plaints, pain not her tender ear,
 Compell no more the maid averse to fly,
 My growing forrows are too great to bear,
 But farewell, MIRA, I can bear to die.

E L E G Y V.

THE wretch whose dark and solitary way,
 Lies o'er a land unknown, and desarts drear,
 Sees with delight the lamp-like vapor play,
 And thinks some hospitable refuge near.

In hope already glows the chearful hearth,

The viands odour, and the liquor flows,

Or tales attune him up to jocund mirth,

Or downy slumbers opiate his woes ;

For these, fresh vigor prompts his way-worn feet

To force the tangles of the thorny brake,

To climb the rugged hill with panting heat,

Or tempt the thrilling chillness of the lake.

A little further still his wishes lie,

Wide of the path that leads athwart the maze,

Still from his toil the fleeting vapours fly,

And ruin beckons to their waning blaze.

Just so fair Fame my fond pursuit eludes,

Yet shines and lures me to pursue again,

Thus Hope o'er visionary Pleasure broods,

Yet leads to labyrinths of real pain.

O Friend to Fame and me, Montgom'ry, say,

Can genius lag while emulation fires,

Or can desire thro' ev'ry science stray,

A wreathless dupe to all the world admires:

When

When the grey warrior grimly deckt with scars,
 Set next the fire reconquers in his tale,
 And maps the change of fluctuating wars,
 O'er oaken empires, and thro' Rhines of ale,

Intent I listen, oh my pulse beats high
 To scale the wall, or ford the hostile stream,
 And when late slumbers close my wearied eye,
 Still phantom laurels haunt my broken dream.

When GRAY, sweet mourner, plucks a deathless name
 From mould'ring ruins of ignoble biers,
 Or GOLDSMITH sings, rapt with the love of fame,
 I grasp my shell, a rival to their tears.

When FERGUSON, by knowing, gains the skies,
 Or jarring senates join to boast a BURKE,
 Or REYNOLDS bids a new creation rise,
 And teaches Nature to improve her work.

How am I fir'd? how em'lous of each name?
 Of such as nobly did or greatly thought?
 Nought seems difficult---I could purchase fame
 With pain, with life, nor think it dearly bought.

But

But could'st thou, MIRA, haughty maid, resign
 Thy beauties to obscurity and me,
 Curst be the name, however it might shine,
 That waked a wish from rapture and from thee.

Curs'd be the fool with thee that could be blest,
 Yet left for ghastly war thy weeping charms,
 And three times curs'd the fool whose torpid breast,
 For learned vigils baulk'd thy wishing arms.

Ah what avails the warrior's ceaseless toils,
 For laurels that so soon forgotten fade?
 When cool to weep amidst his bloody spoils,
 The cureless * ruin that his fame has made.

And what avails accumulated skill,
 The midnight taper and emaciate pain?
 Only to gain a larger sphere of ill,
 And in more varied dialects complain.

* Repair thy wit, good youth, 'twill fall to *cureless* ruin else.

SHAKESPEARE's *Merchant of Venice*.

Ah not with those can happiness reside,
 The goddess spurns the vulgar's loud huzzas,
 And empty sepulchres of martyr'd pride;
 Beneath whose gold the worm incessant grows.

No in yon vale, along yon flow'ry mead,
 Where the stream falling spreads a genial dew,
 And in yon cot, too low for glory's head,
 The goddess dwells, and MIRA, waits for you:

Enough my skill, so MIRA will be mine,
 To make the chorus echoes conn her name,
 Or in smooth bark, with crooked knife, design,
 The simple emblems of an artless flame.

Go shorten life, ye wisdom-seeking fools,
 To you I leave the use and praise of art,
 I'll practice no dull soul-contracting rules,
 Nor language, save the language of the heart.

Go shorten life, ye meteors of spite,
 Go slaughter others, or by others fall,
 Under Love's banners only will I fight,
 Joy makes life short, but I'll enjoy it all.

Unenvied MASON Britain's fall shall mourn,
 Or SHERIDAN enchant the laughing pit ;
 KENDRICK pervade whatever's to be known,
 And stamp it's sterling value upon wit.

Unenvied REYNOLDS shall o'er arts preside,
 And little criticism relieve his worth,
 The graces CIPRIANI's pencil guide,
 Or WEST's strong mind call vast expression forth:

Unenvied NORTH shall steer Britannia's weal,
 Disarm Gaul's ruffian hand, or Faction's tongue,
 Or SAVILLE glow with patriotic zeal,
 And live the proof his heart was never wrong.

Unenvied HOWE shall Britain's heroes lead,
 And save her tott'ring empire o'er the sea ;
 MUSGRAVE shall fight, brave * BARD and SPENDLOVE bleed,
 Yet nought, save pity, wring a tear from me.

* They died at Bunker's-hill, after proofs of intrepidity that would have been more extraordinary, and consequently more admired in any other army than that of Great Britain.

But MIRA seeks for bliss, while thus I rave,
 Mistakes the path, and thinks the brightest best,
 Now mad Ambition I'm again thy slave,
 And pant for Love and Fame---ah farewell rest..

E L E G Y VI.

R O S L I N E C A S T L E..

AT dead of night, the hour when courts
 In gay fantastic pleasures move,
 And haply MIRA joins their sports,
 And hears some newer, richer love..

To Rosline's ruins I repair
 A solitary wretch forlorn,
 To mourn uninterrupted there
 My hapless love, her hapless scorn..

No sound of joy disturbs my strain,
 No hind is whistling on the hill,
 No hunter winding o'er the plain,
 No maiden singing at the rill.

Elk murm'ring thro' the dusky pines,
 Reflects the moon's mistmantled beam;
 And fancy chills where'er it shines,
 To see pale ghosts obscurely gleam.

Not so the nights that in thy halls,
 Once Rosline danced in joy along,
 Where owls now scream along thy walls,
 Resounded mirth-inspiring song.

Where bats now rest their smutty wings,
 Th' impurpled feast was wont to flow,
 And beauty danc'd in gracefull rings,
 And princes sat where nettles grow.

What now avails how great? how gay?
 How fair, how fine their matchless dames?
 Here sleeps their undistinguish'd clay,
 And ev'n the stones have lost their names.

And

And yon gay crowds must soon expire,
 Unknown, unprais'd their fair one's name;
 Not so the charms that bards inspire,
 Encreasing years encrease their fame.

Oh, MIRA, what is state or wealth?
 The great can never love like me,
 Wealth adds not days, nor quickens health,
 Then wiser thou come happy be;

Come and be mine, in this sweet spot,
 Where Esk rolls clear his little wave,
 We'll live, and Esk shall in a cot
 See joys that Roseline never gave.

E L E G Y VII.

BLEST is the man, thrice blest, who timely wise,
 Leaves the rough paths Ambition gilds in vain,
 And sick of Courts, from all their magic flies,
 To rest, to reason, and a rural plain.

Blest, tho' his realm were but a little spot,
 And all his subjects but a flock of sheep,
 Tho' all his mansion were a straw-built cot,
 His luxuries, health, appetite, and sleep.

Unseen by Courts, for him the meadows spring,
 And breezes waft sweet odors from the glade,
 For him the rivers murmur, linnets sing,
 And oaks spread out their venerable shade.

No more, a pris'ner in the noxious town,
 He fears the plodding brow, or smiling face,
 Or faction's fury, or a monarch's frown,
 Or self-felt shame, or public-sung disgrace.

Safe from the shore he views the dangers past,
 And low'ring clouds with speculative eye,
 And pities those that struggle thro' the blast
 For phantom hopes that from their labour fly.

ROCHFORD, this bliss is your's, attain'd the coast
 Where pleasure, health, and ease shall crown your days,
 Retir'd with (what few ministers can boast)
 Your Monarch's favor, and your country's praise.

Not scepters now could lure you from your rest ;
 But ah, should Britain's woes your aid implore,
 Would you with steady wisdom steel your breast,
 And sacrifice your peace for her's no more ?

Yes, should she call, rous'd by your noble blood,
 You'd add to what Britannia owes your name,
 And die as you have liv'd, bold for her good,
 The butt of mis'ry, but the boast of fame.

Go then enjoy, unscar'd by any woe,
 Returning health, and honourable rest,
 With all the joys Retirement can bestow,
 They best enjoy them who deserve them best.

But ah in vain would my love-tortur'd heart
 To like repose and placid shades retire ;
 Which ever way I turn, the deep-fix'd dart
 Poisons my breast with unabating fire.

Let me to crowds and dissipation flee,
 Perch'd on my bosom sits the tyrant elf,
 Nor suffers me, his slave, to hear or see,
 Or think or talk to any but himself.

Or let me seek some solitary grove,

Where calm content and joy were wont to rest,

His * stable-stand on ev'ry object Love

Shoots fond ideas to my mad'ning breast.

If in the grotto's ivy-pendant shade,

Love too is there, and tortures in my dream,

With me he sits on morning's new-dropt blade,

And plunges with me in the gelid stream.

Love still oppresses thro' the fev'rish night,

I turn, and strive to shake him off, in vain,

I count the hours, and chide the tardy light,

And rise at dawn to prove recruited pain.

* Where the deer-stealers stand to shoot the deer as they pass.

SHAKESPEARE.

E L E G Y VIII.

O Had my MIRA been by Fate decreed
 An humble virgin on the rural plain,
 Obscure with me a little flock to feed,
 A crook her fortune, and her fire a swain ;

No flatt'ry then had reach'd her simple heart,
 No glitt'ring pomp had lured her longing eye,
 Of some small hamlet yet conceal'd from art,
 She kindest maiden, blithest shepherd I.

Or had gay fortune smiled upon my birth,
 For me in pomp did Parian columns rise,
 Did many oxen till luxuriant earth,
 Or oaks innumerable scale the skies ;

MIRA might love the grottoes I should rear,
 Where rills should trickle from the scollop'd stone,
 Might haunt my groves the linnets song to hear,
 Might haply deign to make them all her own.

Oh ! were I master of the Orient mine,
 The Tyrian purple, or Sabeian tree !
 Yet think not, MIRA, 'tis for these I pine,
 My love-sick soul has ne'er a wish but thee.

Oh ! come, my love, come share my little cot,
 My rushy pillow, and my homely fare ;
 I'd never change it for a richer spot,
 Mean tho' it be, didst thou inhabit there.

For what avails to unsuccessful love
 In gilded palaces on down to lie,
 Can storied stone, or tints to pleasure move,
 When sleepless sorrow dims the swollen eye ?

On me, the lowest of a lowly tribe,
 Heav'n dropt no honors, no proud treasures lent,
 To woo thee, MIRA, I have ne'er a bribe,
 But love, but peace, but pleasure, and content.

Yet come and see my farm, lo all around,
 Few tho' they be, how well my heifers thrive,
 Sweet Ceres smiles upon my little ground,
 And busy bees enrich my swarming hive.

Look

Look, on yon hillock's side I've planted trees,
 From blights secure, by genial zephyrs fan'd,
 Whose boughs luxuriant scent the vernal breeze,
 And bend in Autumn to allure thy hand.

I've rear'd a bow'r, where vi'lets deck the ground,
 And tufted elms repell the panting heat ;
 Here roses bloom, and woodbines twine around,
 A rill meand'ring gurgles at your feet.

From far, the cooing of the rooks you hear ;
 In distant meads the wanton heifer lows,
 The sky-lark sings, the bees are humming near,
 And beds of chamomile provoke repose.

Disdain not, Nymph, the pleasures of the plains,
 The shepherd's cottage, or his frugal cheer,
 For Heav'n delights in uncorrupted swains,
 And fled from Kings, Felicity dwells here.

Mourn not to leave the pastimes of the town ;
 Where'er thou goest, the graces are thy train,
 Cupid shall lisp the language of the clown,
 Or call the Muses to the rural plain.

While

While you are near, blest I shall urge my toil,

And goad my oxen o'er the furrow'd lands;

Nor e'er repine, should sweat my forehead soil,

Or breaking blisters vex my weary hands.

On solitary hills detain'd till late,

I shall return to rapture and to thee ;

And pity those, who being rich or great,

Shall vainly think they're happier than we.

They are not happier : Say ; can boasted wealth,

Fearless to lose, or live with less desire ?

Can wealth revive the pulse of fault'ring health,

Or o'er its term prolong life's wasted fire ?

Can wealth more raptur'd hear the linnet sing,

Bask in the sun, or slumber in the grove ?

Can wealth more ravish'd scent the flow'ring spring,

More gaily sport, more truly, fondly love ?

Say, is the nymph that is to lordly pride,

For wealth or titles mercenary fold,

More blest than she who stoops (a shepherd's bride)

To gain in fondness, what she lost in gold ?

They

They leave for wealth their widow's pining arms,
 And war for riches thro' the distant sea;
 E'en their possessions chill'd by base alarms,
 But I'll have nought to gain or lose but thee.

The light'ning levell'd at the haughty dome,
 The storms that richer, nobler couples part,
 Shall pass offenceless o'er our humble loam,
 And brace us closer to each other's heart.

Safe from the dreams that haunt the great with care,
 Our peaceful couch with roses shall be spread,
 And health, and love, and pleasure shall be there,
 And babes, sweet babes, best decorate our bed;

For them the tear shall ne'er distress our eyes,
 Nor our cheeks crimson with averted shame;
 Below misfortune, and conceal'd from vice,
 And heirs to more than crowns, an honest name.

Grey hairs may come, I shall not cease to love;
 Nay, when Death calls, and I must part from you,
 My dying eyes my last fond wish shall move,
 My dying eyes shall grasp my last adieu.

Yet while youth fires, oh ! come into my arms,
 Come taste the blessings of all bounteous Heav'n ;
 Unblest the maid that hoards her barren charms,
 To her in vain were youth and beauty giv'n.

E L E G Y IX.

WHAT tho' no laurel wreaths my brows adorn,
 Debarr'd the hill where Pythian waters flow ;
 I feel that Venus smil'd when I was born,
 And gave to pluck the flow'rs that bloom below.

Love leads me where relaxing Muses stray,
 From graver toils on Pleasure's lap reclin'd,
 At his desire they teach a softer lay,
 And rose-mixt myrtle round my temples bind.

Let other bards the epic trumpet blow,
 To Phœbus and to glory not unknown,
 Let them o'er heroes god-like actions glow,
 And on their deathless laurels graft their own.

Let

Let them extol what Britons once have done,
 And rouze them up to what they ought to do,
 Till Gauls aghast from their dread vengeance run,
 Curfing the strains that their sunk fire renew.

I sing of Love; the youth that hapless glows
 Shall read, and profit by my love-learn'd song.
 The maid shall read, shall know her lover's woes,
 Shall pity, and not idly pity long.

Yes she shall pity, cruel tho' she be,
 Despair not, lovers, tho' awhile ye pine,
 MIRA, my love, was crueller than she,
 Yet lo my loved, and loving maid is mine.

She heard my song, she heard it not in vain,
 Before her words her eyes began to speak,
 Take this, she cried, to compensate past pain,
 And kifs'd all tears for ever from my cheek.

O! when I turn'd to catch the fond embrace,
 She fain the dear confession would recall,
 She blush'd, and turn'd to hide her glowing face,
 And forc'd a frown, but smil'd well pleas'd withall.

At first I snatch'd the soul-transporting kifs,
 She strove, but yielding, meant to strive in vain;
 Her panting breast met mine dissolv'd in bliss,
 In transport lost she press'd, and kifs'd again.

Toil on, ye dupes to fame; here comes my fair,
 Our soft, tumultuous raptures to renew;
 When Love, when Pleasure, can one moment spare,
 I give it, greater bards, to pity you.

E L E G Y. X.

THE trumpet calls, my palpitating heart
 Reluctant murmurs out its last adieu;
 Stern Honour, MIRA, says that we must part,
 And drags my soul from pleasure and from you.

How can I leave the orchards I have rear'd,
 The thriving herds that I so long have led,
 The beauteous scenes that custom has endear'd,
 The purling riv'let, and the cowslip bed?

How

How can I leave the dear delightful cot,
 Which twining shrubs contended to adorn?
 How can I leave the lovely, lovely spot,
 Where soft affection whispers I was born?

I do not weep to leave my native plains,
 My cot, my cattle, or my blooming grove;
 I do not weep to leave my kindred swains,
 But ah! I weep, I must, to leave my love.

Yet weep not, MIRA, weep not that we part,
 I'll weep for both, ah! dry those swollen eyes,
 For should pale grief o'erwhelm my MIRA's heart,
 The swain she pities by her pity dies.

Curst be the man that first invented war;
 Curst he that melted first pernicious ores;
 Thrice curst the first that mark'd the polar star,
 And, sacrilegious, sail'd to distant shores.

Fool, could he think that wealth's precarious prize
 Could compensate love lost whole tedious years?
 Can brilliants balance lustre-losing eyes,
 Or pearls be valued at a virgin's tears?

Are India's plains more green, more gay than ours ?

Do streams more sweetly murmur as they flow ?

More calm the shades ? of sweeter scents the flow'rs ?

The fruit of purer taste, or richer glow ?

The plains indeed may be as green, as gay,

More rich the fruit, and fragranter the flow'rs,

Nature may riot in a brighter day,

But sure their maidens are not fair as ours.

Of fairer maids whole here the fairest she

Returns my love, why joyless should I rove ?

Ambition, what have I to do with thee ?

So soft a heart was made alone for love.

Yet, as I love, I must deserve the fair :

Desire lie dead, Love speaks with Honor's voice ;

'Tis not by ease, but action, I must dare,

To bid the world applaud my MIRA's choice.

Dauntless I'll traverse the vast swelling main,

Where thro' black rocks white surges lash the coast,

Where gleaming light'ning guides the rattling rain,

And tempests howl till hope itself be lost.

Patient I'll bear hot India's panting ray,
 The rage of thirst, and famine's monstrous fare,
 Boldly thro' threat'ning points I'll hew a way
 For laurel'd chiefs, that should have led me there.

What is all this to purchase fearless ease,
 For her whose pleasure's dearer than my own?
 Fierce thunder war, swell, swell ye stormy seas,
 So I may raise her 'bove a crowd unknown.

So the sage fire, around her passing car,
 May thus exhort his animated son,
 Beauty's the premium of successful war,
 Since thou can't love, go fight as he has done.

I shall return,---yes, yes I shall return,
 Heav'n is my guard;---dispell, my love, your fears,
 Heav'n will not let my widow'd MIRA mourn,
 For Heav'n delights not, sure, in virtue's tears.

With equal flames our mutual bosoms beat,
 Born for each other, dangers vainly roar,
 Heav'n will renew our joys, our joys compleat,
 It gave so much, it means to give us more.

Sweet is the Spring that a long Winter ends,
 Sweet, after storms, calm sunny zephyrs move,
 Sweet, after drought, the genial show'r descends,
 And, after absence, sweet, O sweet is Love.

When I come back, how blest will be the morn,
 A bounding joy shall revel thro' my sheep,
 Wildly will Tray salute his lord's return,
 MIRA shall press me, and with pleasure weep.

Swift blow ye winds to India's hated clime,
 Swift blow ye winds back to my native shore,
 Swift-fly ye hours until the happy time,
 When we shall meet to separate no more.

Mean time forget not your contracted troth,
 Let no new flame your tender bosom move,
 Forget not, Heav'n will not forget your oath,
 Misfortunes ever punish faithless Love.

But if I'm doom'd to a far distant bier,
 By storms, or war, or fell disease, adieu;
 O'er my cold mem'ry drop at least a tear----
 How many tears should I have shed for you?

Think

Think 'twas for you I left my native plain,
 A chearful kindred, and a temp'rate sky,
 And braved the hostile land, and stormy main,
 For you I wish'd to live, and dared to die.

E L E G Y XI.

TELL me, ye swains, whose wanton heifers stray
 Along the windings of the dewy vale,

Tell me, ye maids, arisen to greet the May,
 And gather hawthorn in the flow'ring dale,

Where does my love enjoy the morning air?
 Along the path I came, and o'er the hill,
 I've search'd the woods, but MIRA is not there,
 Nor does she frolick near her fav'rite rill.

In vain, alas! I seek my darling maid,
 Nor in the grove, nor hawthorn dale is she,
 The sickly maid upon her couch is laid,
 No more to cheer the birth of May, nor me.

No more her eyes with placid brilliance roll,
 Her lips no more invite our warm desires,
 No more her voice dissolves the list'ning soul,
 No maiden envies now, nor youth admires.

What tho' her eyes no more their conquests boast,
 Or cheeks no more retain their rosey hue?
 What tho' her limbs their wonted grace have lost,
 Her mind's still blooming, and her COLIN's true.

Lament not, maid, thy lustre-losing charms,
 The charms that fade deserve not MIRA's care,
 Ah! since reserv'd to bless thy COLIN's arms;
 Lament not, maid, for thou hast charms to spare.

Bloom's not the portion I desire with thee,
 Nor state, nor wealth, for which the vulgar pine;
 Let worth be all, for worth is all to me,
 And long may health propitious make thee mine.

For this the gods incessant I invoke,
 And chiefly Love, come Love, and save thy own;
 Should MIRA die, Death, by one fatal stroke,
 Would rive two subjects from thy weeping throne.

Phœbus,

Phœbus, no more I seek thy fame-wrapt fire,
 So may no honors o'er my mem'ry bloom,
 But ah! to cull each potent herb inspire,
 And snatch my MIRA from the yawning tomb.

For what avails to labour for a name?
 To barter life for a more pond'rous urn?
 Well pleased with her I'd live debarr'd of fame,
 But is life perpetually to mourn?

Ah save her, Jove, lest man disown thy reign,
 What guilt shall deprecate thy penal blow?
 If so much beauty was but made in vain,
 And so much virtue suffers so much woe.

Cease all ye goddesses th' unequal strife,
 'Gainst two poor mortals, who your wrath deplore;
 Oh grant my MIRA, all I ask, her life,
 The charms you envied her are now no more.

Nip not, ye fates, the joy of blooming years,
 Abstain your hands, remove yon threat'ning bier,
 Full many call thee ripe with age and tears,
 Go wish'd for there; oh! how untimely here.

But

But if that both are to be blest no more,
 And one of us is doom'd to fell disease,
 To me transfer her pains, thrice trebled o'er,
 If e'er the worst extort a wish for ease.

Or if the measure of your dread decree
 Is all run out, to her existence give
 All, all the future years you meant for me,
 How vainly meant, if MIRA must not live.

E L E G Y XII.

A Pensive gloom now veils the brow of night,
 The distant tides with hollow murmurs flow,
 The plaintive bird that shuns the noise of light,
 Fills ev'ry echo with her tales of woe.

Cease not thy strains when I approach thy spray,
 I come not to disturb, but join in grief,
 Tell me, sweet songster, if a piteous lay
 Can yield a lover's breaking heart relief?

Oh!

Oh! had I notes like thine, like thee I'd sing,
 And think, and sigh, and sorrow all night long :
 Will no sad Muse spread out her fable wing,
 And dictate numbers to a wretch's song ?

O Phœbus, sovereign of health and verse,
 Whose skill denied fair MIRA's life to save,
 Still lives thy rigor to her lifeless herse,
 Must no green laurels deck her early grave ?

What tho', fair shade, no laurels deck thy herse ?
 With less of pomp the face of grief appears,
 My Doric Muse neglects the rugged verse,
 And 'stead of laurels, strews thy grave with tears.

A rural Muse no honors may bestow,
 But I, each morning, to thy grave will come,
 To pluck the weeds that there unseemly grow,
 And chaunt sad dirges o'er thy sacred tomb :

The ruddy maid that tends her early care,
 Shall weeping listen, while my songs complain,
 And, sighing, own no nymph was e'er so fair,
 No youth more constant than thy widow'd swain.

Death passing oft, may hear at last and turn,

What life denied in story knit our name,

And list'ning youth shall crowd around our urn,

While grey-hair'd friendship spreads our humble fame.

Nought to the dead avails the crested bier,

The fallen hero ne'er beholds his bust,

Her fun'ral flatt'ers grandeur cannot hear,

But plauding peans glad the fainted dust.

Weep then, ye shepherds, with soft plaintive lays,

Recount the merits of her hapless bloom,

Weep too, ye nymphs, nor stint the niggard praise,

For Envy's voice should slumber in the tomb.

Where we'rt thou, Venus, on the fatal day

That rank'd my MIRA with the mould'ring dead,

Thrice at thy fane I rais'd the votive lay,

And thrice with incense call'd thee to her aid.

Thrice call'd in vain, my vows tho' she did hear

From rugged fate e'en Venus cannot save,

Adonis dying reach'd her love-lorn ear,

She wept, 'twas all she could, upon his grave.

And

And now once more for loss of thee shall weep,
 Whom Bards have call'd the laughter-loving Queen,
 The Loves in tears their idle arrows steep,
 And shun the revels of the jocund green ;

For much she lov'd thee, MIRA, o'er thy face
 A thousand charms, the gifts of Venus, shone,
 And when thou sickend'st, in each fading grace
 She lost a province from her love-propt throne.

But hark ! a voice amidst the misty gloom,
 With awful accents checks my trembling lays,
 " 'Tis not (it cries) the portion of the tomb,
 " Or mould'ring beauty claims eternal praise."

" Enough of these thy erring reed has sung,
 " 'Twas not by them she learnt to climb the sky,
 " Regain'd the happy seats from whence she sprung,
 " And sits with glory thus enthron'd on high ;

" 'Twas Virtue, brightest in the darkest day,
 " And by the loss of ornament encreas'd,
 " She saw with joy her mortal charms decay,
 " And was most beauteous, when admir'd the least.

" Blamed

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